JIM'S KIDS.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Jim was a fisherman—up on the hill
Over the beach lived he an' his wife
In a little house—you kin see it still—
An' their two fair boys; upon my life
You never seen two likelier kids,
In spite o' their antics an' tricks an' noise,
Than them two boys!

Jim would go out in his boat on the sea—
Just as the rest on us fisherman did—
And when he came back at night thar'd be
Up to his knees in the surf each kid,
A beck'nin an' cheerin' to fisherman Jim—
He'd hear 'em, you bet, above the roar
Of the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came sailin' home,
And the little kids weren't on the sands—
Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come,
And a tremblin' took holt o' his knees and hands,
And he learnt the worst up on the hill
In the little house, an' he bowed his head—
"The fever," they said.

'Twas an awful time for fisherman Jim,
With them darlin's eyin' afore his eyes—
They kept a callin, an' beck'nin' him,
For they kind o' wandered in mind—their cries
Were about the waves an' fisherman Jim
An' the little boat a-sailin' for shore—
Till they spake no more.

Well, fisherman Jim lived on and on,
And his hair grew white and the wrinkles came,
But he never smiled, and his heart seemed gone,
And he never was heard to speak the name
Of the little kids who were buried there
Up on the hill in sight o' the sea,
Under a wiler tree.

One night they came and told me to haste
To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick,
And they said I hadn't no time to waste;
For his tide was ebbin' powerful quick,
An' he seemed to be wanderin' and crazy like,
An' a seein' sights he oughtn't to see—
An' had called for me.

And fisherman Jim sez he to me,
"It's my last, last cruise—you understand—
I'm a-sailin' a dark and dreadful sea,
But off on the further shore, on the sand,
Are the kids, who's a-beck'nin' and callin' my name
Jess as they did—ah, mate, you know—
In the long ago."

No, sir; he wasn't afraid to die,
For all that night he seemed to see
His little boys of the years gone by,
And to hear sweet voices forgot by me;
An' just as the mornin' sun come up—
"They're holding me by the hands!" he cried—
An' so he died.

"BLACK ERIC."

BY SARA B. ROSE.

"I differ from you there, Myrtle."

"I do not see how you can, Muriel. I never could marry into a family who thought I was not their equal."

"But I am the equal of the Scarboros, Myrtle. Not one of the family, excepting Hugh, has a soul to appreciate the beauties of art; not one of them could tell the difference between a chromo and a genuine gem in oil. I would be an ornament to their family, my dear."

"They do not think so."

"They have never seen me, my sister; and besides, if I were not their equal, do you not think that my feelings are to be considered? From my own point of view I think that my happiness is as important as Mrs. Scarboro's."

"That may be all very well—from your point of view—but we differ a little, Muriel."

"We differ a great deal, Myrtle. Now, I never could do the degrading work which you delight in—taking those horrible pictures of the dead in the morgue, for instance; and your last freak is even worse yet—allowing the Sheriff to bring criminals into our very presence to get their photos for the rogues' gallery. Yes, we differ, and you are the worst of the two."

"My work brings us bread and butter, Muriel, while your 'gems in oil'——"

"Well, what about them?" asked my sister, impatiently, as I paused, ashamed of myself.

"They certainly save us wall-paper—that is an item, sis. Do let's stop quarreling, now. You touch up these photographs, while I prepare lunch," I exclaimed, starting up and hurrying into the little room where our cooking was done.

Muriel never seemed to realize that we were but poor artists. She carried the air of a grand duchess with her wherever she went, and spoke condescendingly to people who were worth their hundreds of thousands. I was quite provoked at her, for while I caught eagerly at any work I could get, even tintypes, she would touch nothing but ideal faces, and landscapes in oil. The landscapes were ideal also, for we were too poor to travel. Beautiful and dreamy as her pictures were. I could not help begrudging the time she spent over them, for she never sold one of them by any chance.

Hard work I had of it, too. Besides being the bread-winner, I did the housework, running down stairs and up again a half dozen times a day, after necessaries, while she toiled on incessantly over these unending pictures.

Still, I should remember that it was my duty, for had not papa, after dividing his store of unsold pictures between us, said:

"Myrtle, although you are the younger, I leave Muriel in your care. You are practical, you will succeed. Muriel will be as her father has been before her, a dreamer of dreams."

Thinking it over, I felt sorry that I had ever felt impatient toward my sister, even when she found fault with my "degrading work," as she called it. And now she wanted to marry a man whose parents thought her beneath them. I had too much pride for that anyhow; but I resolved, as I spread our little table, not to meddle with things which did not concern me, and then, when all was ready, I mustered my sweetest smile and returned to Muriel.

The photographs were untouched, and Mr. Hugh Scarboro was lolling in the big upholstered chair I had just purchased for my patrons to pose in.

Our photographic rooms afforded an entrancing view of roofs and chimneys innumerable, and Muriel's dreamy blue eyes looked out as fondly at them as if they were the grandest of gardens, filled with the most beautiful flowers.

"Myrtle, it is settled," said Hugh, solemnly, as we all sat down to luncheon.

"Without saying a word to me," I said, in spite of my resolve.

"You did not say anything to me when you made arrangements to take in the swindlers," returned Muriel.

"I know it," I replied humbly, ashamed of myself once more. "How did you settle it?"

"We are to be married at the end of one year."

My silence seemed to astonish Muriel, and Hugh said wonderingly:

"And now that it is settled, explain your meaning, Muriel, when you said that Myrtle had made arrangements to 'take in the swindlers.'"

"I will," she replied, with more animation than usual. "You know she has been taking pictures at the morgue? Well, she was not satisfied with that; she has actually sent in lower terms than Barton, who has been taking the rogues' pictures at the police court, and she has undermined him. At any rate, they have been here with a half dozen burglars and one or two murderers and assault and batterers, and we may expect them at any time with more."

"A wise man is the Sheriff," said Hugh, laughing. "Myrtle don't mean to get left."

"It pays well," I replied, pleased with Hugh's approval. "But it is not very easy work. Harter, the burglar, sprang out of the chair, irons and all, in order to spoil his picture yesterday, and Leffingwell, the wife-beater, posed as carefully as any belle could do, but at the critical moment, he made the fearfulest grimace possible to man. Not one of them likes to have his picture taken—they will spoil it if they can."

"There is some one coming up the stairs," said Hugh, rising with Muriel, and following me into the studio.

The door opened, and two blue-coated policemen entered, escorting as handsome a man as ever I beheld. Even Muriel lost her unconcerned air as her artistic eye took in the tall, well-knit figure, the dark, brilliant eyes, the richly bronzed complexion, and the half-amused smile around the perfect mouth.

"Miss Maxton, we've brought 'Black Eric,' the forger and counterfeiter, to have his picture taken. We've hunted a spell for him, but we've got him at last."

"You are mistaken in my name, gentlemen. I am Ira Irving, and my home is in San Francisco, as I shall soon be able to prove. You may take my photo if it is any gratification to these officers."

The guardians of the public peace smiled significantly, and Muriel said, in an aside to Hugh:

"What a pity. Isn't he perfectly lovely?"

"He isn't guilty!" I exclaimed, turning sharply upon Muriel.

I was startled at my own act as soon as the words had escaped me. One of the men said, quietly:

"Every criminal declares his innocence, Miss Maxton. This man is one of the most daring and dangerous characters with whom we have to deal."

I attended strictly to business after that, working as rapidly as the state of my nerves would allow.

The prisoner sat as cheerfully as if the picture was taken for a ladies' album, exposing his features to the full light in a manner very unusual to criminals.

"I have done all that I can toward the picture to-day," I said when I had finished.

The officers arose to remove their man. He turned to me and said, earnestly:

"Miss Maxton, I hope soon to free myself from this charge, and in your eyes, and that of all the world, appear as I am in reality, an honest man. When I can do so, you will see me again."

I bowed without speaking, and the three departed.

"There, Myrtle, you will have to look out or you will lose your place. If the Sheriff finds you are falling in love with his prisoners, he will go back to Barton," exclaimed Muriel, laughing.

I bit my lip, and I knew I changed color, and Hugh wisely changed the subject.

"I say, Muriel, which do you consider your very best picture? I'm going to get it framed and put it on exhibition for you."

They began looking over her assortment of pictures, and "Black Eric" was forgotten, by them at least. A young lady came in who wished her cabinets taken, and then Hugh claimed my attention.

"Now, Myrtle, choose the one you like best from among your father's pictures," he said, "and I will take that also. I have an idea that I can do something with them."

"Castles in the air," I replied, as I selected an ancient "Fortress on the Rhine." "How many poor papa builded to see them topple and fall. All people want nowadays is work, and that upon some pressing demand of the day. I would sell the whole of these paintings for ten dollars if papa had not painted them."

"What a dreadful girl you are," sighed Muriel. "She would crush the last bit of romance from life."

Hugh looked at me compassionately.

"Myrtle, you know that I would lift this burden from your shoulders gladly, and to-day, if you would allow it. My parents would soon learn to love Muriel, and our home would be yours until you found one of your own."

"Thank you," I replied ungratefully. "Muriel can go where she is not wanted, if she likes, but I do not intend to add myself to the list of husband-hunters with which society is laden."

"We will wait a year," said Muriel. "I do not wish to leave Myrtle now, filled as she is with this desperate feeling of independence. I may paint something in that time which will be successful."

I turned away from the two, disgusted with Muriel's faith in herself, and Hugh ran down the long flights of stairs whistling, with the two oil paintings tucked under his arm.

When Mr. Irving's photo was finished it was as handsome a picture as I ever saw.

"I'd use that face for an oil painting if he was not a forger," said Muriel. "I might call him a bandit, though; a little sharper eye, a heavier mustache and eyebrows, and he would be perfect. 'Black Eric the Bandit.' I'll do it, Myrtle."

"You will not," I cried, catching the picture and sealing it in an envelope for posting. "He shall never be insulted like that when he is innocent. You will never see his face again."

"Can't I even see the one you have put away for your own private inspection then?" she asked, provokingly innocent. "How selfish you are."

I felt that my face was betraying me, but I held on to my temper. So then she knew that I had finished two pictures. I had not given her credit for so much penetration.

After all this I dared not ask after the fortunes of Mr. Irving.

Muriel had no such scruples.

"Then that was really Black Eric?" she asked, when the Sheriff came in again.

"Oh, yes, we have sent him back to Omaha for trial. He's a deep one, though. He pretended to the last that he could clear himself.

Muriel looked slyly at me but said nothing, but I believe she read my thoughts as if they were an open book.

Time passed on and Hugh called upon us regularly. Muriel's lover was a true one, for he never wavered when his parents disowned him for his engagement to a poverty-stricken artist, and he went at business with a vim which pleased even unbelieving me.

He showed that there was something in him, and I liked him better than I had ever done when I thought him the petted child of fortune, the heir to half a million.

For all that I tried to get Muriel to break the engagement. Hugh was sacrificing a good deal for her.

She only laughed and declared that Mrs. Scarboro's objections were unfounded, because she was only a wealthy "parvenu."

"Am I not an artiste?" she asked, with a grand air.

Hugh became so angry at me that I glady cried "quits" at last. They treated me to some scathing ridicule about "Black Eric," in return for my well-meant advice, and I agreed to meddle no more if they would maintain a strict silence concerning him.

Everything went on as usual with us for a time until one evening Hugh came in with a long drawn face.

"News," he cried, throwing himself into my big chair.

"Good or bad?" asked Muriel, beaming upon him like a sunbeam.

"Bad, of course," I hazarded. "What is it? Has somebody got the rogues gallery away from me?"

"Good," smiled Muriel, hopefully. "I knew I should succeed at last."

Hugh fastened his big gray eyes upon each of us in turn. "What do you suppose it is, girls?"

"Black Eric has returned like a fairy prince, with a chariot lined with gold, after the beautiful maiden who believed in him," cried Muriel, breaking her promise for once.

Nothing ever excited her fears; but Hugh, seeing that I was filled with apprehension, replied soberly and at once:

"It is good luck, Myrtle. Muriel's picture is sold, and your father's, also, and I have a buyer for as many more as you will part with."

It was true, although I could hardly realize it. An Eastern picture dealer was in town, had noticed the pictures, had liked them and paid an almost fabulous price for them, we thought. He was coming on the morrow to see our entire stock.

What a time we had unpacking and dusting those old pictures that evening.

Hugh remained with us till midnight, and when he left us our task was done, and we awaited with beating hearts the coming of the stranger.

"Muriel, are we in fairy-land? everything is here except the prince," I said the next evening, as we stood with what was to us unparalleled wealth in our hands, one-third of our pictures gone, a promise of a larger order, and Muriel with every picture she could paint engaged.

"The prince is here," she replied, gazing fondly up at Hugh. "I shall have to paint 'Black Eric' now."

"Don't," I cried, a sadness coming to me in the midst of all my joy.

"You forget your promise, darling," said Hugh, softly, to Muriel, as I went back to my work-room to hide the tears in my eyes.

We took a cottage after that, instead of living in my photographic rooms. Here Muriel painted and I spent my few leisure hours. I gave up the tintypes and the rogues' gallery, for they were unnecessary now, for papa's pictures turned out to be indeed a fortune. Muriel, too, became the fashion, and money and society she had until she tired of them.

Mrs. Scarboro turned with the tide, and made friends with Hugh and Muriel and myself, and went about town raving over "Miss Maxton, the artiste, to whom my son is engaged."

She also kindly offered to "bring me out," but this I could not allow, in fact it was all sickening to me. I had come to be contented with my lot—nearly.

Muriel and her lover were married in grand style. I was first bridesmaid, and took an active part in all the festivities, never once thinking or caring what society or the votaries of fashion thought of me.

One day I heard some one coming up the stairs, and turned to confront "Black Eric."

He was dark and handsome as ever, and there were no officers with him now. He took off his hat with the utmost politeness, and, as he grasped my hand, said:

"I told you I should come some day, Miss Maxton, and here I am. I thought I would reclaim my picture from the rogue ' gallery."

It seemed that he had proven himself innocent after all. The real "Black Eric" had been caught and lynched in a far Western town. He had brought references enough to satisfy even the most skeptical as to his character and position in society.

He accompanied me home and insisted upon laying these all before Hugh, who thought all this unnecessary if he only wished to reclaim his picture.

We found out his real business after a little, though, and now in my elegant drawing-room in San Francisco hangs a picture painted by my famous sister named "Black Eric the Bandit," and my husband declares it bears a striking likeness to himself.

DEATH is the liberator of him whom freedom can not release, the physician of him whom medicine can not cure, and the comforter of him whom time can not console.—*Colton.*

A LOST ART.

Lament of an Old Millwright—How the Millstone Has Been Relegated Out of Use.

A number of heavy white millstones were piled up on one of the docks along the river. They were consigned to some interior town forty or fifty miles from the city, and were of the style, make, and finish so long in use. An old man, with a slouched hat pulled down so far over his face that his small, fast-blinking eyes were almost hid from view, stood a little way back on the wharf and talked to a young man whom he had halted and asked for a match. "Millstones have pretty nearly gone out of date," said he, with a half mournful air, "and with them have gone the occupation I have followed for thirty years. See here," and the old man crowded his hat over on to the back part of his head and lifted his face for the first time into plain sight. It was pitted all over with nameless ugly dimples, depressions, and cuts, and looked as if he might some day have had the small-pox.

"Do you know how that was done?" he asked. The young man did not know. "By picking millstones," was the quickly volunteered information. "No one who has ever followed the business of giving those stones that keen-cut texture that enables them to crush and grind grain can escape those cuts and scars. Why, my face is literally filled with the little particles of steel and stone, and my eyes have seasons of paining me terribly. But the profession has about run its race. In ten years the dictionary-makers will put the stereotyped word 'obsolete' after the noun 'millstone.' Modern inventions have relegated the time-honored millstone to oblivion. New processes have been discovered for extracting the wheat from flour, beside which the millstone has no show."

The young man began to grow interested. He drew his companion into the doorway of a little switch shanty, secured permission for the two to sit down a moment before the fire, and asked him to continue.

"Nowadays," said the old man, "wheat is crushed between rollers, and the flour produced is much superior to the old make. Then, too, the bran that was once thought to be almost worthless is now sifted by a new process and a quality of flour is separated that is worth forty or fifty cents more per sack than the common variety. You have heard that the best part of a potato lay just beneath the skin. Recent scientific experiments have shown that it is true of all vegetables, especially of wheat. This suggested the construction of a sieve that would separate the little particles of the kernel that cling to the shuck when it has been broken up and ground to pieces. It was successful, and the flour secured in this way, while small in quantity, is of superb quality. This latter process, was only made possible by the new method of grinding wheat that has been generally adopted by all the large mills in the country. But in the meantime my occupation has been gradually undermined. Once in a while I have a call to go somewhere into the country and dress a stone, but it is very seldom. Most of the millstones in use in this country are of French burr, a siliceous rock, containing many small, rough cavities, and requiring less preparation than a perfectly plain stone. It is quarried in the geological district known as the 'Paris basin.' A quarry has been worked for many years in the valley of the Savannah River, about one hundred miles above the city of Savannah, and the quality of stones secured is said to be almost equal to those produced in France. The lower stone has generally a smooth grinding surface. The moving stone is followed toward the center to allow the material ground to flow freely between the grinding surfaces. The faces of both stones have to be cut with straight grooves in direction inclined radii. The edges of the grooves are thus given a cutting action somewhat resembling scissor-blades, and a tendency to force the grain outward toward the circumference is secured, thus accelerating the feeding and avoiding choking. To do this work properly requires an enormous amount of practice, and an apprentice must serve four or five years on cheap stones before he is allowed to touch the most valuable ones. Machines were once invented to do the cutting, but they were not a success. It was a hard business to learn, and in its day was very profitable. Modern innovations, however, have no sympathy for workingmen, and in ten years it is doubtful if there will be a millstone in use in this country."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Church Choirs.

In no sphere of human effort is greater progress shown than in the pulpit. But, as we bear witness to the fact, a dull pang of regret mingles our joy in contemplating the present humors of church choirs.

The pews feel many a qualm of conscience under the fire of the pulpit. Sin can not perk itself shame-faced on the cushion of repose in the highest seat in the synagogue. But who ever knew a church choir to cry peccavi? The theological sword-thrusts at sinners in the pews and the arrows of eloquence that fly over their heads never hit the choristers. They tickle themselves with the straws of conceit. They wear an invisible coat of mail, and, under a barricade of hymn-books, eat sugar-plums and crack jokes as if each in turn had slipped on the ring of Gyges. The man with bulging eyes and a bald head, who plays a fantasy on "Rock of Ages" on the cornet, fears no moral castigation from the pulpit for flirting with the soprano. He holds it at a disadvantage. In mockery of the preacher's meek stare of reproof he causes the diamond on his little finger to twinkle in his eyes, as if it had caught a ray of celestial light, while quiet-tongning the last cadenza with an air of "sarcastico-benignant superiority." He knows it is not the sermon that draws, but the cornet.

While the organist is holding a suspicious tete-a-tete behind a sheet of music with a choir girl, who meets him half way with a fan of peacock feathers, the tenor surreptitiously writes a note on the fly leaf of a hymn-book and pokes it into the contralto's muff. The moral torpor of the basso, who sits with folded legs reading a Sunday newspaper, is a contemptuous comment on the evangelizing power of the pulpit. Then the second tenor is convulsed with a fit of laughter in watching a fly tickle the bald pate of a deacon below. It seems as if the evil ones had been metamorphosed into an insect, and was making a rival pulpit of the bare patch on the deacon's crown.

Usage has so consecrated the levities of church choirs that missionaries must ever regard them as sterile fields for labor.—*Life.*

The Standard of Self-Measurement.

"The great trouble with people," said a lady from abroad to me, "is that they have no standard of self-measurement. Now, if I take a candle into a dark corner it will illuminate that corner, will it not? But if I take it out into a dark night it has no effect." The point was conceded. "Well, then," she continued, "that is an illustration of the relative powers of many people. But everybody wants to be something he cannot. The candle would be a lamp, the lamp a gas-jet, the gas-jet an electric light, and the electric light a sun. Consequently, we have people doing good things poorly instead of doing suitable things well. It's all owing to having no standard of self-measurement." All this is true enough, but it suggests a problem that cannot be so definitely stated by positive comparisons—and this is to what extent the standard of self-measurement should limit us. The lady who said this to me is a woman of extraordinary intellectual power. She comes from abroad into the heart of Boston culture. The "best society" invites and solicits her to enter, and her observation of all this kaleidoscopic life is very keen and full of suggestion. She had been invited to take the leading part in a certain intellectual entertainment, and had declined. Then I said to her: "But, after all, have not you, who could bring to this gathering so much of philosophic thought, of keen insight and vision, and vital suggestion—have you not a certain responsibility to give of your intellectual abundance?" So she answered me in the words I have quoted. She has taken the entire view of the Boston situation. For intellectual society there is a series of wheels within wheels, of countless circles and centers of circles whose requirements may sometimes coincide, but which as a whole are separate, and in them all—in papers read, in discussion and comment—she finds little of the highest phase of profound and original thought. This is an inevitable result of a city whose aristocracy is that of letters, for all the following and imitation incited is in the same direction, and so, instead of a cheap copying of fashionable costumes, we have an analogy of a cheap copying of intellectual achievement. General society can no more each be an Emerson, a Mrs. Howe, a Dr. Holmes, than it can be a Vanderbilt or an Astor, and the aristocracy thus being one of intellect, the following, the imitation, is all in an intellectual line. And, therefore, there is an immense amount of mediocrity, ranging from the assimilated culture that is fine and high and suggestive, but not profoundly original, down to some circle of women who listen to a school-girl's essay from one of their number and who discuss it in a puerile fashion. But my mental question is this: Is it not better for this circle to listen to the amateur essay, which typifies the best intellectual life to which it has, collectively, grown, and to discuss this in such degree as it may, than for the same circle to meet and talk gossip, scandal or purely material interests? And must not each such circle be led by one who is a little in advance, but not too far removed from them? And to such series and grade is there not the relative responsibility to give simply of the best one has, though it be not great absolutely?—*Boston Letter.*

Mrs. Leslie's Diamonds.

Frank Leslie died leaving his publishing house terribly involved. Mrs. Leslie has redeemed it. She says:

"I had the property in reach and the assignees were ready to turn it over to me, but to get it it was necessary for me to raise $50,000. I borrowed the money, and I borrowed it from a woman. How happy I was when she signed the check, and how beautiful it seemed to me to see one woman helping another. I borrowed the money in June, and was to make the first payment of $5,000 on the 1st of November. On the 29th of October I paid back the $50,000 with interest. From June to the 29th of October I made $50,000 clear. I had also to pay $30,000 to the creditors who did not come under the contract. While I was paying this $80,000 of my husband's debts, I spent but $30 for myself except for board. I lived in a little attic room without a carpet, and the window was so high that I could not get a glimpse of the sky unless I stood on a chair and looked out. When I had paid the debts and raised a monument to my husband, then I said to myself, 'now for a great big pair of diamond ear-rings,' and away I went to Europe and here are the diamonds."

The diamonds are perfect matches, twenty-seven carats in weight and are nearly as large around as nickels.—*Interview in Atlanta Constitution.*

How China Got Its Name.

Upward of 1,100 years before Christ the Chinese were a people ruled by a dynasty of kings, of whose, like the Pharaohs of old, there is no clear history, and not until the "Chow" dynasty, B. C. 1125, is there any clear history of the main Chinese state. The Chinese take their history back to the time of Noah. This very ancient empire has borne in its time many names, for it was the custom when a new dynasty ascended the throne to give another name to the empire, as Hal-que, Chum-que, Han-que, etc., according to the name of the ruling monarch. The true name is said to be Chum-que, "the center kingdom of the world." This term was by usage corrupted to Chin-que, and from this word the Portuguese gave it the name of China. China proper consists of eighteen provinces, containing 250,000,000 people.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

THE happy past is the happy present.

HUMOR.

SARCASM between friends is a chasm not easily bridged over. Avoid it, or it will at last become as wide as the earth, and as deep as the grave.—*Chicago Sun.*

"THE face is the play-ground of the soul," but, like a little child, there are many souls that would prefer to play in the dirt.—*Newman Independent.*

WHEN a printer asks his best girl to give him a proof of her love she locks her form up in his embrace and he puts his imprint on it.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

JESSE MCHENRY came home at a late hour, and in his usual condition. "You are just out of the saloon. Now, don't you deny it," said his wife. "It ain't my fault," responded the wretched inebriate; "I'd have been there yet if the proprietor hadn't closed up."—*Texas Siftings.*

A GOOD REASON.

Why does she hold her head so high
And look so supercilious,
And pass the other maidens by
As if they made her billious?
Well may she proudly walk the street,
The while her pride increases;
Her crazy quilt is just complete
Made of ten thousand pieces.

—*Boston Courier.*

"A BOSTON girl is going to marry Prof. Edmunds, one of the men who devised zone standard time." The marriage may be a happy one if some fiendish paragrapher doesn't rush in with the remark that the Professor is anxious to call her his zone.—*Exchange.*

THE young ladies of a Pennsylvania town have formed a "Popping the Question Society." After a seasonable term of membership a young lady will become competent to prompt the faltering swain who sets out to propose for her hand.—*Exchange.*

"THEY talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

A YOUNG Bostonian, who recently went up among the hills of Vermont to get married to a farmer's daughter, was taken to task by the old man as follows: "Now, Jeems, this 'ere match was kinder brought about by you and Susie, and I've had no chance to say anything to you. How much are you worth?" "Well," replied Jeems, after some hesitation, "putting it on the basis of Western Union at 57 I am worth $30,000." "Stop!! young man—stop right there!" exclaimed the old man. "I want a sounder basis than that! Jist figger on turnips at 75 cents a bushel and see what your value amounts to!"—*Wall Street News.*

ON the other hand, the least of prey hints that there are too many lunch fiends about the establishment, and that something should be done to eradicate them; and then he says, "give me another big slice of that beef; the last was a little too fat; and a few more potatoes and gravy, plenty of gravy, if you please; and another plate of bread, and plenty of vermicelli. It is healthy, a little of it is, and some salad. You ought to have more vegetables and fish, or oysters, like they do at the other saloon, and a fresh napkin. I can't eat much now, as I ate a late breakfast, and I am going home to dinner. Just want a mere bite to stay my stomach," and finally when he takes his temporary leave he does it with the air of a prince abdicating the throne.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

AMALGAMATION.

Amalga was a chieftain bold,
The bravest of his clan,
In legend quaint his praise is told,
For in the glorious days of old
He was a mighty man.

There came a maid, ah! fair was she,
But dolecul was his state;
"Alas! though he same not for me,"
She sung in mournful melody,
"I would Amalgamate."

Then said the warrior: "Single bliss
Has been much overrated,"
And pressing on her lips a kiss,
This dainty mediæval miss
Straightway Amalga mated.

O, lady mine, he wooed, did rue
Him of his captivation;
Be mine his joy—I love but you—
And each to each we'll e'er be true,
In sweet amalgamation.

—*Puck.*

A Bulgarian Funeral.

A funeral procession, described by Mr. More in his recent work, entitled "Under the Balkans," was remarkable in the first place for a yoke of white oxen drawing a wagon with wicker sides, on which the coffin—that of a woman—was placed feet foremost:

"On the front of the wagon rode the priest, carrying in his hand a sacristy made of clay, and behind sat one of the relatives. It was followed by a small crowd of about twenty or thirty mourners, mostly women, wearing gowns of coarse homespun cloth, colored aprons, and handkerchiefs on their heads, being the usual costume of the country. Arriving at the ruins of the battered and decayed Church of St. George, the procession stopped and the mourners crossed themselves, while the priest scattered incense on all sides. The corpse, which was wrapped in a colored blanket, the face only being exposed, was carried into the church, placed before the altar, and laid feet eastward in the blanket, the head being supported by a pillow. The body was clad in a gold-braided bridal costume, a handkerchief on the head, shoes and stockings on the feet, and a gold chain around the neck. On the breast was placed a lighted triple-branched wax taper, and bunches of flowers were also laid on the breast and placed in the hand. A small oil lamp was burning near the head. A loaf of bread on a plate, a pan of boiled wheat, and a dish of honey were set near the corpse. The mourners and congregation, to the number of about fifty, mostly women, each held a lighted taper, as did also the two officiating priests and the clerks."

Watering Stock.

Jay Gould's little boy went to visit some country relatives. Early in the morning he arose, and, missing his uncle, asked one of his cousins:

"Where's Uncle Jehez gone?"

"He's gone to water stock," replied Jabez's little boy.

"What, so early?" exclaimed little Jay Gould. "Why, my pa never waters stock until he goes down town in the city, 'bout 10 or 11."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*